

AN HONEST JUDGE

Always listens to all the evidence. Before you buy your Spring or Summer goods we want to place a few facts before you and then judge for yourself if you can do better than buy of us.

ARE YOU WILLING

to be convinced that you may be wasting money? Or are you like the old lady who was willing to be convinced, but would like to see the person who could convince her?

TO PAY THE PRICES

others ask is simply rank nonsense. It is paying a premium to greediness and emptying your purse to fill pockets bulging with plunder.

THAT OTHERS ASK

two prices is no reason why you should pay more than one, or that you should suppose that the twoprice piratical profit plan is associated with every business.

WHEN YOU CAN

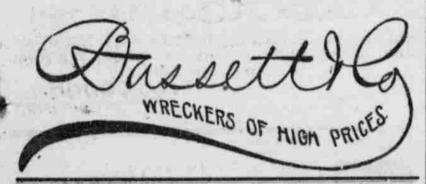
come into our store, handle our goods compare them in price and quality, and prove to your own satisfaction that we are living up to our claim of

GET LOWER PRICES

and save money. That's the idea. You can get them. If no other store offers them, our store does. Our war ery is "low prices." That's our bid

AT OUR STOKE

you will find as choice a display as ever you looked on. Nothing that belongs to a fine stock of Dry Goods is missing except the usual exorbitant prices. Our prices are very low.



Large stock of

Baby Carriages, Steel Wheel

And Parasol Top Buggies as low as \$4.00.

Elegant Silk Plush lined buggies

With satin parasol in newest shades for \$7.00.

All handsome goods and standard make.

We make a specialty of

Hammoeks, Croquet Sets,

And Fishing Tackle.



PETITION.

My little grandson, three years old, Sleeps by my bedside nightly. Through the long hours of dark and cold.
Dreaming he slumbers lightly.

He feets my love around him fold And in its heart reposes, Upon his batr a gleam of gold, His cheeks like damask roses.

Oft through the chill and silent night

I stretch a hand careasing To draw the bisaket warm and light About him wish a blessing. In sleep he feels that touch so sweet,

Ho lingering and tender, Turns his dear face my palm to meet With soft and glad surre

O God of pity and of leve. Have patience with our blindness.
Thy hand is stretched our heads above
Warm with Thy watchful kindness.

Give us this buly's perfect faith! Whatever ills assail us, Help us to feet in Life or Death That Thou wilt never fail us, Celia Thaxier, in Youth's Companion.

DARLING OF THE TROOP.

How She Lost a Wager for Captain Lonsdale.

She was the daughter of the trumpet major and the darling of the troop. one loved Phyllis Rayne. From the age of five she had been quartered with her father with the regiment.

''Our dar ling' has grown into . beauty," observed the adjutant, cheerily, as he rode past the group of men toward the object of interest.

"A letter for you," he said, in more official tones, dismounting beside the girl. "The colonel would be glad of ac answer to-morrow." The adjutant rode reluctantly away as Phyl broke the seal of the missive.

After reading the contents the girl's dark eyes were humid. A quiver of disappointment parted her lips. "Only that," she said beneath her breath. "Only my services! And thought-

What she thought was never ultered: her father came to the door of the bungalow. "Capt. Lonsdale is waiting inside to

speak with you. I've given him my word, dearie, although it will be like low price dealing, why don't you drawing an eye-tooth to part with my little girl. As her father stepped outside Phyl flashed an angry glance at the cap

"How dare you? I forbade you to appeal to my father." Faint heart never won fair lady yet. I dare anything for the chance of win-

ning you. I will have you, Phyl. 2 "Why do you hate me?" the captain continued, querulously. "I love you. I am willing to make you my wife, al though you're not-"
"A lady," she interpolated quietly.

A violin was lying on the table: the girl took it up, with the bow, fingering the instrument absently. Her mothe had been of gentle birth; the insult his words implied stung keenly. "You are so beautifult" he cried,

moving nearer. The refrain went on terkily from the violin; there was a suggestion of scorn

"Phyl! Have you no pity? Are you as hard as your face is tender? It there anyone else?" The captain laid his hand on the arm moving the bow. "Is there, Phyl?"
"You are hurting me, Capt. Lons.

"What a soft little arm it is!" he said, drawing the loose blue bleeve away from her wrist. "See; the im press of my cruel fingers. Poor little

He bent his head suddenly, pressing his lips to the delicate flesh. Ashadow fell across them as a figure stood in the open doorway. The girl's volce re

lieved the silence by a commonplace;
"Good evening, colonel."

Capt. Lonsdale made a burried de arture, saluting his superior officer the remained in the doorway.

"May I come in?" "Don't put that down. I can talk te you while you play."

The colonel leaned against the wall watching Phyl as she rested her chis again on the violin. "I can't!" she cried, with a hysterical

little laugh. "I think-I think you make me nervous." "Never mind," he said, gravely, taking the instrument from her hands I have heard of your music. Whe

"My father. I'm proud of dad." The colonel smiled; the smile made his stern, ugly face almost handsome. The colonel was a widower with one People said his marriage had

"You had my letter?" he saked as they moved out under the veranda. "Yes."

"Are you willing?"

A moment's hesitancy, in colonel scanned the girl's face eagerly. ately. "Daddy!" "Thank you. Little Jack will be so glad. There is no woman in the cantonment he takes to but you." The colonel was going to the hills for the

"I understand. It will be my first dituation." "What do you mean?" "You have asked me to go to Simis

companion or nurse to your child. You have forgotten to mention one thing-the salary."

ter wherein he had asked her to accompany him with her father on their leave of absence for the sake of little Jack? "Do you want a salary?" he asked,

"It is usual, is it not?"

"I believe so." At that moment an ayah, leading a A few minutes later Phyl watched he colonel, with little Jack elinging to his hand, cross the parade ground. The child's white frock became a speck in the distance before a sob broke from

be girl's throat. That night a wager was made capt. Lonsdale among a few of his

"I'll swim two miles against stream up the Goomtee on the day 'Our Daring' marries any man but myself." "Done!" cried half a dozen voices. Standing outside his bungalow early one morning, the colonel, with Capt Lonsdale, watched Phyl remping with

his child. She had lifted the boy on

of our County

he said "Capt Lonsdale has arranged a longer expedition. Shall you frightened?"

Frightened? No! What is there to fear?" she answered, brightly. "Nothing. The servants are within call. I have forbidden them to leave

the bung alow in our absence." The trumpet major, riding behind the colonel, ventured a confidential

"They make a handsome couple—my girl and the captain. He'll have cause to be proud of his wife-eh, colonel?" "His wife! Did you say his wife, Rayne?"

"Aye, colonel I've promised her to Capt. Lonsdale, if he can win her." "And-and Phyllis?" The captain joined them and party rode on.

Phyl stood at the door of the bungalow, a cloud on her face. "I hate him! I hate him!" she mut-

Toward midday the boy grew tired and fretful. Phyl, carrying him to her own bungalow, laid him on a heap of rugs in the corner. Once little Jack started up with a frightened cry, and to soothe him she sang an Indian lullaby, continuing the weird tune upon her violin at the boy's request.

Suddenly some indefinable instinct caused the girl to look over her shoulder, her hand tightening on the violin. Between her and the sleeping child was a large snake. He had uncoiled himself to nearly his full length and risen upon his tail with elevated head

and glittering eyes. It was the dread--As Phyl gazed at the reptile, conclusions rapidly formed. The anake had been attracted by the music; it was evident by the darting forward of the

eruel forked tongue that the fascina-With an almost imperceptible movement the girl drew her bow across the catgut. For an instant a palpable change came over the cobra; his eyes rested upon her with softened brightness. The charm that held the snake at bay was in her hands!

Again the Indian lullaby broke the dience, the refrain sounding strangely weird in its repeated cadence. Once more the reptile was spellbound. Phyl's back ached, her fingers felt eramped; a feeling of dizziness was overcoming her. If the exhaustion supervened the charm would be broken.

To rouse herself Phyl rose to her feet, ontinuing the melody to which the snake's head was swaying rhythmic-A string flew asunder beneath the bow. The three strings now beneath Phyl's trembling fingers vibrated weak-

grated harshly upon her ear. With gasping sob she glanced at the open door and back again at the sleeping child. The violin was slipping from her swollen hand. With an effort born of utter despair she broke into a song as the sound of the fallen instrument

startled the cobra. . Gradually her eyes grew dim; her scions that her voice was only weakly crooning. There was a rushing sound in her ears as of many waters, and above it all rose a childish cry, clear

"Daddy! Daddy!" Then it became quite dark.
When a few miles on the road that sorning the colonel's horse had atumbled, slightly injuring its knees, and the rider determined to return, not sorry for an excuse to forego the expedition. The trumpet major's state-

ment had filled him with fear. At the trumpet major's bungalow the horse came to a sudden standstill, his ears set back and quivering in every

A'voice singing gayly reached the boionel; the air seemed filled with its laughter. He smiled sadly, then grimly. How happy she was! While he— The song was coming to an end; it grew fainter and fainter. Dismounting, he moved nearer to the open door of the bungalow and looked into the shadow of the room.

For one brief instant the colonel's eyes seemed tilled with blood and through the crimson mist shone out his son's bright hair and the white face

of Phyl. In the next his hand was upon his sword and a cry went up as the gir tottered forward and his weapon fell upon the cobra.

The colonel's arm dropped heavily to his side as his sword clauged to the ground, his eyes distended with hor- ALL ror upon the severed parts of the

At his feet was the prostrate form of KNOW Phyl. In one swift glance he noted the violin with its broken strings and the girl's stiffened hands. The whole truth flashed upon him in the instant. With a great sob he raised her in his arms, kissing the still face passion-

The colonel roused himself. Little Jack was standing beside him, his baby OUR face full of awe.

"Go away. Jack," he said, hoarsely, as Phyl's white lids moved and a breath escaped her lips. The colonel carried her to the rugs in

"Phyllis! Phyl!" As she met his eyes the terror slowly died out of her own. A deep flush crept GUARANTE

into her face and faded. The colonel bit his lip. Was she jok-ing? Phyl was looking fixedly at the flowers planted near the mango trees. If all she seriously misconstrued his lete grateful; all my life, dear." The eyes of the woman were raised

"I love you! I love you! I love you!"

"Who is that woman, Lousdale, riding with the colonel?" "Don't you know? Ah, you were or dered to another station before the dreadful news reached Lucknow." "What news?" "Of the colonel's unfortunate attach-

ment. He married the daughter of our trumpet major." "What, Phyllis Rayne? Phew!" The subaltern acrewed up his eyes, glancing sideways at Capt. Lonsdale. "Is that Phyl, little Phyl, the darling of the troop? I remember her now; you were 'sweet' on her yourself, old fellow. By the way, Londale, I never heard of your two-mile swim up the Goomtee. Suppose you funked it?"—

-Be Careful. -Bert-"I not only be to her shoulder, and, with arms upit as highly contagious." Bessleraised to steady her tiny burden, ran
"How can it be caught?" Bert-"I have known the bacilli to be impa

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THE COLOR OF GOLD.

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usand fine.

gold is the reddest found anywhere.

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FISHES SLEEP.

An Experiment Which Clearly Demo strates This Fact.

fish. You know that you can't creep tical way than this plain statement of up on them nor drop a pebble anywhere simple astronomical facts."—N.Y.Trib-within fifty feet of them but what they une. will dodge away; that is, when they them without bait when they were child, is yer mither in?" served daily to be in particular spot Post.

ported an ice house chute that led out into the water. A kind of nest was there, "Most people suppose," says an as- a depression in the mud, and here sayer, "that all gold is allice when re- that catfish was to be found every day fined, but this is not the case. An ex- at about 2 p. m. It would lay for hours perienced man can tell at a giance from in the rays of the afternoon aun and what part of the world a gold piece never move. I decided to eatch it, comes, and in some cases from what First I fished around there day after part of a particular gold district the day, but to no purpose. Bait of any kind wasn't any inducement to that "The Australian gold, for instance, is entitish. I concluded that it must be distinctly redder than the Californian, asleep, when it would allow a fat minand this difference in color is always now to swim by and never touch it. I perceptible, even when the gold is one got a sharp plain book, which I properly weighted, so that it would ac "Again, the gold obtained from the direct. I lowered it and moved it slowplacers is yellower than that which ly up to the side of the fish. Then I is taken directly from quartz. Why turned the line so that the hook was this should be the case is one of the directly under it. Then I gave a quick mysteries of metallurgy, for the placer jerk; the catfish darted away, but not gold comes from the velns. The Ural very far. I had him foul, and all beold is the reddest found anywhere.
"Few people know the real color of pike and sanfish the same way at least gold, as it is seldom seen unless heavily a dozen different times."-St. Louis alloyed, which renders it redder than Globe-Democrat.

Says an amateur in astronomy: "One of the most startling facts that I have earned about other worlds than ours, and one that brings the immensity of the sun before the mind in an impres sively practical way, is this: That i the earth were placed at the center the sun, and the moon should retain the same relative position it now has, the distance from the earth to the moor would be only a little more than half the distance from the center of the sur to its circumference; that is, the entire orbit of the moon, 480,000 miles in diameter, is not much more than half the size of the sun, which is over 850,000 "Never saw a fish asleep, ch?" said a miles in diameter. It seems to me that St. Louis man recently. "Well, I have. nothing can convey to the mind an idea I've seen them sleep sound, and much of the immensity of some things in the to their sorrow, especially catfish. universe add the smallness of others-There is nothing more wary than a our earth for example-in a more prac-

-Mrs. Lynch calls on Mrs. Maginnis. are not asleep. How I came to know on this is that I have caught Mary Annanawers the door-bell. "Me "No, Mrs. sleeping, although I did use a hook and Lynch, she's gone out." "Bad tuck to line. The first one that I ever caught ber: 'tis twinty times she goes out for this way was a large eatlish that I ob-

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And speaking of Clothing, we will say right here that we have just closed out about 300 Men's, Boy's and Child's suits at 25 to 50 per cent, less than their value, and are selling them at corresponding

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